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Practice in all courts on the Eastern  
Shore of Virginia. Prompt attention  
to all business.

J. W. G. Blackstone, J. A. Bundick  
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Accomac C. H., Va.  
Will practice in all the State courts.

THOS. W. RUSSELL,  
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and Northampton counties.

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Practices in all the courts of Accomac  
and Northampton counties.

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Will practice in all the courts of  
Accomac and Northampton counties.  
Office—Onancock, Va.  
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DR. LEWIS J. HARMANSON,  
—DENTIST—  
Office—Next to Episcopal Church,  
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Office hours from 9 a. m., to 5 p. m.

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Offers his services to citizens of Accomac  
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(Pictures of a house that is to be built set  
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Surveying done promptly, and at moderate  
prices.)

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A. PARKER, Proprietor.  
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Free Sample Room.

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Fine Buggies, Mowing Machines  
The Rambler Bicycle and other  
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Capital \$200,000.00  
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Net surplus to policy holders \$761,109.83  
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A. Frank Byrd, Agent for E. S. Va.,  
Temperanceville, Va.  
Solicitor for New York and Chicago  
Lloyds, South and North American  
Lloyds, 45 Liberty St., New York—  
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Correspondence solicited.

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IT IS AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY!  
In these days of railroads and  
general push, no one can afford to be  
without a timepiece, considering, too,  
how cheap they are. The only ques-  
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make it a decided object for you to  
buy it of me, you save more than I  
make by it. Also all kinds of  
JEWELRY  
from fine diamond goods to the less  
expensive grade in every day use.  
Always up with the latest styles.  
SILVERWARE  
is exceedingly cheap now. Every-  
thing in that line you can get of me  
at prices to suit you.

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Watches, Clocks, Jewelry of all kinds  
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J. H. RICHARDSON, of Accomac, with  
**KNAPP BROS. & CO.,**  
Fruit and Produce Commission Merchants,  
Southern Fruits and Vegetables a specialty.  
Oysters and Clams in season.  
191 Reade Street, — New York.  
And Wallabout Market, Brooklyn.  
Shipping No. 115. Consignments solicited.  
Reference: First National Bank, Brooklyn.

Established 1848.  
W. E. DURYEA'S SONS,  
—Commission Merchants in—  
**FRUIT AND PRODUCE**  
119 Warren Street, — New York.  
Southern Fruits and Vegetables a specialty.  
Shipping No. 35.

WILBER T. JAMES, of Accomac county, Va., with  
**WM. H. HOLMES,**  
Successor to Holmes & Scott.  
—Produce—  
**Commission Merchant,**  
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Stencel No. 159. Returns made on day of sale.  
—Twenty years experience as a Commission Merchant—  
References—New York County Nat. Bank, New York; Bank of Com-  
merce, Norfolk, Va.; G. W. Grafflin & Son, Baltimore, Md.; Burruss, Son &  
Co., Bankers, Norfolk, Va.; Merchants' & Farmers' Bank, Portsmouth, Va.

E. C. Palmer A. W. Frost  
**PALMER & FROST,**  
(Successors to Palmer, Rivenburg & Co.)  
Wholesale Commission Merchants,  
For the sale of Fruits, Berries, Peas, Sweet and Irish Potatoes, Poultry, &c.  
166 Reade Street, — New York.  
No soliciting agent employed. All dealings direct with the shipper. Prompt  
returns.

Established 1863.  
**S. H. & E. H. FROST,**  
—FRUIT AND PRODUCE—  
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
100 Park Place, — New York.  
Shippers confer with us before forwarding your crops—Our advice may be  
beneficial. Reference: Irving National Bank, N. Y.  
Represented by L. J. Savage, Onley, J. W. Chandler, Exmore.  
Write for stencils, shipping cards, etc.

**M. MARSHALL & CO.,**  
Fruit and Produce  
Commission Merchants.  
327 Washington St., — New York.  
Shipping No. 165.

References—A. G. James, Trowers; J. H. James, Loenstville; L. O. Wat-  
son, Daugherty; John A. Fisher, Eastville; Jas. A. Hall, Marsh Market;  
L. T. Parker, Hornstown; New York National Exchange Bank, New York.

**J. P. WILSON,**  
—FRUIT AND PRODUCE—  
**COMMISSION MERCHANT,**  
116 Dock St., — Philadelphia.  
Satisfactory references given. Correspondence solicited. Stencils furnished  
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Produce Commission Merchants,  
—For the sale of—  
Sweet and Irish Potatoes, Fruits, Peas, Berries, Vegetables, &c.  
23 & 25 S. Gay Street, — Baltimore, Md.  
Shipping Letters J. H. S.  
References—Citizens National Bank, of Baltimore, also the leading  
business houses of this city.  
Agent for Pungoteague Farmers Alliance.

J. L. BOND, with  
**WALTER G. FENTRESS,**  
Wholesale Produce Dealer and  
**Commission Merchant,**  
P. O. Box 981, — Baltimore, Md.  
Shipping Letter O  
E. S. WISE, with  
**I. P. Justis & Co.,**  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
5 E. Camden St., Baltimore.  
Sweet Potatoes a Specialty.  
Fruits, Vegetables and Produce  
Shipping Letter, "F."  
Agents for the Pungoteague and  
Cassville Farmers' Associations.

No drummers employed.  
J. T. WALTER,  
\*General Produce  
**Commission Merchant,**  
For the sale of all kinds of  
Produce, also Fish, Oysters, Clams,  
Game, &c.  
110 W. Barre St., — Baltimore, Md.  
Shipping Letter T.

**W. R. BYRD & CO.,**  
Commission Merchants in  
Early Fruits, Vegetables, Terra-  
pins, Wild Fowl, Eggs, Poul-  
try, and all kinds of  
**Country Produce**  
—122 Cheapside, —  
—Baltimore.—  
Shipping Letter, "D."  
Geo. W. Winder Alex. Bond.

**G. W. WINDER & CO.,**  
Commission Merchants,  
—Dealers in—  
Fish, Oysters, Clams  
—and—  
Country Produce.  
Irish & Sweet Potatoes special-  
ties.  
19 Hollingsworth St.,  
Baltimore, Md.  
Shipping Letter "W."

R. L. PERKINS,  
Sole Importers for W. S. Byrd  
**R. L. PERKINS,**  
—Wholesale—  
**COMMISSION MERCHANT.**  
—Dealer in—  
Fish, Oysters, Clams, and  
Country Produce.  
Irish & Sweet Potatoes special-  
ties.  
6 E. Camden St., Baltimore, Md.  
Shipping Letters A A

W. H. Bonnell, Agent,  
MARPSBURG, VA.  
H. F. Kilmon, Agent,  
Rue's Wharf.  
J. E. Whittington N. J. Ward  
**J. E. Whittington & Co.,**  
Wholesale  
Fruit and Produce  
**Commission Merchants,**  
Peas, Berries, Sweet and Irish Potatoes specialties.  
No. 7 E. Camden Street,  
Shipping Letters "J. E. W."  
Baltimore, Md.  
Reference—Traders' National Bank.

**Barnet Bond's Son**  
—General—  
**COMMISSION MERCHANT,**  
Poultry, Eggs, Feathers, Hides  
Dried Fruit, Oysters and Clams.  
Potatoes, Apples and Onions a specialty.  
Consignments solicited. Quick sales  
and prompt returns.  
Cheapside and Pratt St.,  
Baltimore.  
References—Citizens National Bank,  
Baltimore, and Dunn's Mercantile  
Agency.  
Shipping Letters "B. B."  
Commission 7 per cent.  
L. JAS. GUNTER, with

**W. G. KAUFMAN & CO.,**  
Commission Merchants,  
184 Reade St., — New York.  
Shipping No. 92.  
Established 1865.

**John H. Newton,**  
General Produce  
**Commission Merchant.**  
327 Washington St., — New York.  
Refer to Irving Nat. Bank, New  
York, and all Mercantile Agencies.

Established 1869.  
**G. H. RIVENBURG,**  
Formerly of Palmer, Rivenburg & Co.  
Salesman 13 years of G. S. Palmer.  
Wholesale Commission Merchant,  
Dealer in  
—Fruits and Produce—  
180 Reade St., New York.  
Sweet and Irish Potatoes specialties.  
References—Irving Nat. Bank, New  
York; R. G. Dunn & Co.; and the  
trade generally.

**T. H. KEPNER & CO.**  
Produce  
**Commission—**  
**—Merchants,**  
South St., and Bowly's wharf.  
Baltimore.  
Sweet Potatoes a specialty.  
Shipping Letter H

**W. P. CUSTIS & CO.,**  
—PRODUCE—  
**Commission Merchants,**  
Eggs, Poultry, Wild Fowl, Clams,  
Peas, Berries, Cabbage, &c.  
Sweet and Irish Potatoes  
a specialty.  
200 E. Pratt St., — Baltimore.  
Ref. erence—Peoples Bank of Baltimore  
Shipping Letter C

**JONAH'S PERVERSITY**  
MORAL LESSONS OF THE MEMORABLE  
JOURNEY TO TARSHISH.

Dr. Talmage Preaches an Interesting Ser-  
mon on the Waywardness of Man, the  
Delusions of Life and the Wages of Sin.  
New York, Aug. 4.—At this season  
of the year, when a large portion of  
the community is journeying either by land  
or sea, Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still  
absent on his midsummer preaching and  
lecturing tour, has chosen as the subject  
of his sermon for today, "Man Over-  
board," the text being Jonah 1, 6: "So  
the shipmaster came to him and said  
unto him: What meanest thou, O sleep-  
er? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be  
that God will think upon us, that we  
perish not."

God told Jonah to go to Nineveh on  
an unpleasant errand. He would not go.  
He thought to get away from his duty  
by putting to sea. With pack under his  
arm and him on his way to Joppa, a  
seaport. He goes down among the ship-  
ping and says to the men living around  
on the docks, "Which of these vessels  
sails today?" The sailors answer, "You-  
der is a vessel going to Tarshish. I think  
if you hurry you may get on board her."  
Jonah steps on board the rough craft,  
asking how much the fare is, and pays it.  
Anchor is weighed, sails are hoisted,  
and the rigging begins to rattle in the  
strong breeze of the Mediterranean.  
Joppa is an exposed harbor, and it does  
not take long for the vessel to get on the  
broad sea. The sailors like what they  
call a "spanking breeze," and the  
plunge of the vessel from the crest of a  
tall wave is exhilarating to those at  
home on the deep. But the strong breeze  
becomes a gale, the gale a hurricane.  
The frightened passengers ask the cap-  
tain if he ever saw anything like this  
before.

"Oh, yes," he says. "This is noth-  
ing." Mariners are slow to admit dan-  
ger to landsmen. But after awhile  
crag goes the mast, and the vessel  
pitches so far "aboard" that there is a  
fear she will not be righted. The cap-  
tain answers few questions, and orders  
the throwing out of boxes and bundles  
and of so much of the cargo as they can  
get at. The captain at last confesses  
there is but little hope and tells the  
passengers that they had better get to  
praying. It is seldom that a sea captain  
is an atheist. He knows that there is a  
God, for he has seen him at every point  
of latitude between Sandy Hook and  
Queenstown. Captain Moody, command-  
ing the Cuba of the Canada line, at Sun-  
day service led the music and sang like  
a Methodist. The captain of this Medi-  
terranean craft, having set the passen-  
gers to praying, goes around examining  
the vessel at every point. He descends  
into the cabin to see whether in the  
strong wrestling of the waves the vessel  
had sprung a leak, and he finds Jonah  
asleep. Jonah had had a wearisome  
tramp and had spent many sleepless  
nights about questions of duty, and he  
is so sound asleep that all the thunder  
of the storm and the screaming of the  
passengers does not disturb him. The  
captain lays hold of him and begins to  
shake him. "What has he gained  
by it?" A sailor says. "Don't you see that  
we are all going to the bottom? Wake up  
and go to praying if you have any God  
to go to. What meanest thou, O sleep-  
er? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be  
that God will think upon us, that we  
perish not." The rest of the story I will  
not rehearse, for you know it well. To  
appease the sea they threw Jonah over-  
board.

Learn that the devil takes a man's  
money and then sets him down in a poor  
landing place. The Bible says he paid  
his fare to Tarshish. But see him get  
out. The sailors bring him to the side  
of the ship, lift him over the guards and  
let him drop with a loud splash into the  
waves. He paid his fare all the way to  
Tarshish, but did not get the worth of  
his money. Neither does any one who  
turns his back on his duty and does that  
which is not right.

**The Rewards of Disobedience.**  
There is a young man who during the  
past year has spent a large part of his  
salary in carousal. What has he gained  
by it? A soiled reputation, a half starved  
purse, a dissipated look, a petulant  
temper, a disturbed conscience. The  
manacles of one or two bad habits that  
are pressing tighter and tighter will  
keep on until they wear to the bone.  
You paid your fare to Tarshish, but you  
have been set down in the midst of a  
sea of disquietude and perplexity.

One hundred dollars for Sunday horse  
hire.  
One hundred dollars for wine suppers.  
One hundred dollars for cigars.  
One hundred dollars for frolics that  
shall be nameless.  
Making four hundred dollars for his  
damnation!  
Instead of being in Tarshish now he  
is in the middle of the Mediterranean.  
Here is a literary man tired of the  
faith of his fathers who resolves to  
launch out into what is called freethink-  
ing. He buys Theodore Parker's works  
for \$12, Renan's "Life of Christ" for  
\$1.50, Andrew Jackson Davis' works  
for \$30. Goes to hour infatigable talk at  
the club and to see spiritualism at the table  
rapping. Talks glibly of David, the  
palmist, as an old libertine, of Paul as  
a wild enthusiast and of Christ as a de-  
cent kind of a man, a little weak in  
some respects, but almost as good as  
himself. Talks smugly of Sunday as  
a good day to put a little extra blacking  
on one's boots and of Christians as, for  
the most part, hypocrites and of eternity  
as "the great to be," "the everlasting  
now," or "the infinite what is it."  
Some day he gets his feet very wet and  
finds himself that night chilly; the  
next morning has a hot mouth and is  
headachy; sends word over to the store  
that he will not be there today; bathes  
his feet; has mustard plasters; calls the  
doctor. The medical man says aside,  
"This is going to be a bad case of con-  
gestion of the lungs." Voice fails. Chil-  
dren must be kept down stairs or sent to  
the neighbors to keep the house quiet.  
You say, "Send for the minister." But  
no. He does not believe in ministers.  
You say, "Read the Bible to him." No;  
he does not believe in the Bible. A law-  
yer comes in, and sitting by his bedside  
writes a document that begins: "In the  
name of God, amen. I, being of sound  
mind, do make this my last will and  
testament." It is certain where the sick  
man's body will be in less than a week.  
It is quite certain who will get his prop-  
erty. What will become of his soul?  
It will go into "the great to be," or

Awake Too Late.  
Again: Learn that a man may wake  
up too late. He, instead of sleeping,  
Jonah had been on his knees confessing  
his sins from the time he went on board  
the craft, I think that God would have  
saved him from being thrown overboard.  
But he woke up too late. The tempest  
is in full blast, and the sea, in convul-  
sion, is lashing itself, and nothing will  
stop it now but the overthrow of Jonah.  
So men sometimes wake up too late.  
The last hour has come. The man has  
no more idea of dying than I have of  
dropping down this moment. The rig-  
ging is all white with the foam of  
death. How chill the night is! "I must  
die," he says, "yet not ready. I must  
push out upon this awful sea, but have  
nothing with which to pay my fare."  
The white caps! The darkness! The  
hurricane! How long have I been sleep-  
ing? Whole days and months and years.  
I am quite awake now. I see every-  
thing, but it is too late." Invisible  
hands take him up. He struggles to get  
loose. In vain. They bring his soul to  
the verge. They let it down over the  
side. The winds howl. The sea opens  
its frothing jaws to swallow. He has  
gone forever. And while the caps are  
cracked, and the yards rattled, and the  
ropes thumped, the sea took up the fu-  
eral dirge, playing with open diapason  
of midnight storm, "Because I have  
called, and ye refused, I have stretched  
out my hand, and no man regarded; yet  
have set at naught all my counsel and  
would none of my reproof, I will mock  
when your fear cometh."

Now, let any of you should make  
this mistake, I address you in the words  
of the Mediterranean sea captain:  
"What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise,  
call upon thy God, if so be that God  
will think upon us, that we perish  
not." If you have a God, you had better  
call upon him. Do you say, "I have no  
God?" Then you had better call upon  
your father's God. When your father  
was in trouble, whom did he fly to? You  
heard him in his old days tell about  
some terrible exposure in a snowstorm,  
or at sea, or in battle, or among mid-  
night garrisers, and how he escaped.  
Perhaps 20 years before you were born  
your father made sweet acquaintance  
with God. There is something in the  
worn pages of the Bible he used to read  
which makes you think your father had  
a God. In the old religious books lying  
around the house, here are passages  
marked with a lead pencil—passages  
that make you think your father was  
not a godless man, but that, on that  
dark day when he lay in the back room  
dying he was ready—all ready. But  
perhaps your father was a bad man—  
prayerless and a blasphemer—and you  
never think of him now without a shud-  
der. He worshipped the world or his  
own appetites. Do not then, I beg of  
you, call upon your father's God, but  
call on your mother's God. I think she  
was good. You remember when your fa-  
ther came home drunk late on a cold  
night, how patient your mother was.  
You often heard her pray. She used to  
sit by the hour meditating as though  
she were thinking of some good, warm  
place, where it never gets cold, and  
where the bread does not fail, and stag-  
gering steps never come. You remem-  
ber her now as she sat in cap and spec-  
tacles reading her Bible Sunday after-  
noon. What good advice she used to  
give you! How black and terrible the  
world seemed to you when you were  
with two ropes yet let her down to rest  
in the graveyard! Ah, I think from  
your looks that I am on the right track.  
Awake, O sleeper, and call upon thy  
mother's God.

But perhaps both your father and  
mother were depraved. Perhaps your  
cradle was rocked by sin and shame,  
and it is a wonder that from such a  
starting you have come to respectabil-  
ity. Then don't call upon the God of  
either of your parents, I beg of you.  
The God of your Fatherless Children.  
But you have children. You know  
God kindled those bright eyes and  
rounded those healthy limbs and set  
beating within their breast an immor-  
tality. Perhaps in the belief that some-  
how it would be for the best you have  
taught them to say an evening prayer,  
and when they kneel beside you and  
fold their little hands and look up,  
their faces all innocence and love, you  
know that there is a God somewhere  
about in the room.  
I think I am on the right track at  
last. Awake, O sleeper, and call upon  
the God of thy children! May he set  
these little ones to pulling at thy heart  
until they charm thee to the same God  
to whom tonight they will say their lit-  
tle prayers!  
But, alas, alas, some of these men  
and women are unmoved by the fact  
that their father had a God, and their  
mother had a God, and their children  
have a God, but they have no God. All  
the divine goodness for nothing. All  
warning, no warning. They are asleep  
in the side of the ship, though the  
sea and sky are in mad wrestle.  
Many years ago a man, leaving his  
family in Massachusetts, sailed from  
Boston to China to trade there. On the  
coast of China in the midst of a night of  
storm he made shipwreck. The adven-  
turer was washed up on the beach sense-  
less—all his money gone. A handsome  
young man of a decidedly feminine ap-  
pearance, enrolled as Miguel Orbaneta  
Tarres, it appears, is a young girl.  
Thinking her wound mortal, she con-  
fessed her secret to a fellow soldier after  
the battle.  
She had enlisted in Spain as a volun-  
teer for service in Cuba, in order to  
accompany her affianced, whose name  
had been drawn for one of the first expedi-  
tions brought out from the peninsula  
three months in chains. In the company  
two passed as brothers. The lover had  
been killed a few weeks before the bat-  
tle of Dos Rios in a skirmish at Hatillo,  
near St. Luis. She had taken the death  
of her supposed brother but real lover  
very hard indeed, but until the day she  
herself was wounded had never disclosed  
her real relations to any one.—New  
York Herald.

**A Soldier's Gold Medal Found.**  
A gold medal has been found on the  
farm of Dr. Gustavus Brown, Dick-  
son Station, Md., which would seem to  
have been lost while McClellan's army  
was encamped at that place in 1862.  
Some laborers engaged in digging post  
holes unearthed it about 18 inches be-  
low the surface. It is about the size of  
a \$10 goldpiece. On one side is a vign-  
ette of General McClellan, encircled  
by the letters of his name. On the re-  
verse side, standing out plainly and dis-  
tinctly, appears the name of "Franklin  
G. Peabody Company I, Twelfth Ver-  
mont Volunteers." The medal is in the  
possession of Mr. Jamison, the superin-  
tendent of the farm. Dickerson Station  
is on the Metropolitan branch of the  
Baltimore and Ohio railroad, 30 miles  
from Washington.—Washington Post.

**Pope Leo's Instructions.**  
When investigating the Vatican re-  
cords, Pope Leo XIII said to Dom Gas-  
quet, the librarian, "Publish everything  
of interest; everything, whether it tends  
to the discredit or credit of the ecclesi-  
astical authorities, for you may be sure  
that if the gospels had been written in  
our day the treasury of Judas and the  
denial of St. Peter would have been  
suppressed for fear of scandalizing weak  
consciences." So Lord Halifax told the  
English church union the other day.

**In the Good Old Times.**  
Major (to his soldiers, about to storm  
an intrenchment).—Now, my men, you'll  
have to look sharp about this business.  
You've got to imagine that there are 100  
cooks up yonder waiting to receive you,  
each with a sausage in one hand and a  
roast fowl in the other!—Soldaten-  
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**His Gentle Hint.**  
Mr. Spriggins (gently).—My dear, a  
Kensington man was shot at by a bur-  
ghar and his life was saved by a button  
which the bullet struck.  
Mrs. Spriggins (merrily).—Nothing,  
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The state of Kentucky, including blue  
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tries, etc., is no doubt injurious. But  
how many are willing to give up their  
hot biscuits at breakfast or their batter  
cakes, though very palatable bread can  
be made, and also light, with nothing  
in it but air and water?

**Leather Tires.**  
Two Frenchmen of Rheims have re-  
cently completed an invention which  
they claim will in a measure revolution-  
ize the present pneumatic tire. They  
build their wheels by substituting an  
outer pneumatic tube made of leather  
for the rubber tubes now in use. Their  
invention has been taken up by the min-  
istry of war, which is now perfecting  
the idea with a view to supply all the  
military cycles with tires that will not  
give out easily.

The resistance of leather is consider-  
ably greater than that of rubber, and it  
will better stand the pressure from  
within and the exterior agents of de-  
struction, such as nails, hoops, roots or  
sharp pebbles. It is not absolutely im-  
perforable, but it is at least as good as  
the fine steel band which was experimen-  
tally placed between the outer and  
inner tubes, and which was pierced by  
needles and tacks. Leather offers the  
greatest imperviousness in relation to  
its thickness without impairing the nec-  
essary elasticity. It is further improved  
by a preparation which renders it im-  
permeable to water. The leather tire is  
easily repaired in case of perforation—  
any cobbler can sew it up—and this re-  
pair is permanent and not likely to get  
out of order.

Other advantages claimed for the  
leather tire are: Greater lightness, it  
will not get out of shape as does rubber,  
and it will not slip on asphalt pavement  
or wet roads. The new material for the  
tire seems to meet with great encourage-  
ment on the part of the military authori-  
ties of France.—Paris Times.

**Coal Gas in Navigation.**  
The efficiency of coal gas in practical  
navigation has been demonstrated, ac-  
cording to accounts of recent trials at  
Havre, and French capitalists are re-  
ported as having taken the matter in  
hand with a view to its thorough de-  
velopment. In the late trials made by  
the promoter an iron boat of some 350  
tons was employed, a vertical gas motor  
of 40 horsepower furnishing the power,  
coal gas compressed to a pressure of  
1,400 pounds per square inch being  
stored in steel tubes placed between  
decks, and a regulator, situated between  
the gas reservoir and the motor, to re-  
duce the pressure of the gas entering the  
motor to the flow ordinarily required.

Public trials of the craft show that  
the motor in charge has her in complete  
control, changing with ease her course,  
also slackening or increasing the rate of  
speed and stopping or even going back-  
ward almost instantaneously by the use  
of the reversible screw. Though the cost  
of power by this system will, as claim-  
ed, be more economical than any other,  
the chief saving will be effected by the  
comparatively small room required for  
the motor, and the fact is noted as re-  
markable that pure coal gas, compressed  
to a pressure as high as 2,000 pounds  
per square inch, can be so easily and so  
safely handled.

**A Girl Soldier in Cuba.**  
A little romance is recounted in con-  
nection with the battle of Dos Rios. In  
the heat of the battle a bugler of San-  
donal's regiment was seriously cut over  
the head and shoulders with a machete  
in the hands of one of the attacking  
rebels. The bugler, a handsome  
young man of a decidedly feminine ap-  
pearance, enrolled as Miguel Orbaneta  
Tarres, it appears, is a young girl.  
Thinking her wound mortal, she con-  
fessed her secret to a fellow soldier after  
the battle.

She had enlisted in Spain as a volun-  
teer for service in Cuba, in order to  
accompany her affianced, whose name  
had been drawn for one of the first expedi-  
tions brought out from the peninsula  
three months in chains. In the company  
two passed as brothers. The lover had  
been killed a few weeks before the bat-  
tle of Dos Rios in a skirmish at Hatillo,  
near St. Luis. She had taken the death  
of her supposed brother but real lover  
very hard indeed, but until the day she  
herself was wounded had never disclosed  
her real relations to any one.—New  
York Herald.

**A Soldier's Gold Medal Found.**  
A gold medal has been found on the  
farm of Dr. Gustavus Brown, Dick-  
son Station, Md., which would seem to  
have been lost while McClellan's army  
was encamped at that place in 1862.  
Some laborers engaged in digging post  
holes unearthed it about 18 inches be-  
low the surface. It is about the size of  
a \$10 goldpiece. On one side is a vign-  
ette of General McClellan, encircled  
by the letters of his name. On the re-  
verse side, standing out plainly and dis-  
tinctly, appears the name of "Franklin  
G. Peabody Company I, Twelfth Ver-  
mont Volunteers." The medal is in the  
possession of Mr. Jamison, the superin-  
tendent of the farm. Dickerson Station  
is on the Metropolitan branch of the  
Baltimore and Ohio railroad, 30 miles  
from Washington.—Washington Post.

**Pope Leo's Instructions.**  
When investigating the Vatican re-  
cords, Pope Leo XIII said to Dom Gas-  
quet, the librarian, "Publish everything  
of interest; everything, whether it tends  
to the discredit or credit of the ecclesi-  
astical authorities, for you may be sure  
that if the gospels had been written in  
our day the treasury of Judas and the  
denial of St. Peter would have been  
suppressed for fear of scandalizing weak  
consciences." So Lord Halifax told the  
English church union the other day.

**In the Good Old Times.**  
Major (to his soldiers, about to storm  
an intrenchment).—Now, my men, you'll  
have to look sharp about this business.  
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